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THE

FINAL FAREWELL.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIX-PENCE.

THE



FINAL E WELL.

PRINTED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE
FINAL FAREWELL,

A
P O E M;

WRITTEN ON RETIRING FROM

L O N D O N.



L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR J. DEBRETT, OPPOSITE BURLINGTON-HOUSE, PICCADILLY.

M,DCC,LXXXVII.

THE
FINAL FAREWELL

P O E M

WRITTEN ON RETIRING FROM

L O N D O N



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PRINTED FOR J. GOSSETT, OPPOSITE BURLINGTON HOUSE, PICCADILLY.

W. GOSSETT, PRINTER.

TO MRS. CRESPIGNY,
OF CAMBERWELL.

MADAM,

IN dedicating the following Poem to you, I by no means wish your name to give a sanction to the ideas or opinions which it contains; because several of them may militate against your own. My sole motive, Madam, for inscribing it to you, arises from the resolution I had taken of shewing my respect to a lady whose least praise is the possession of taste and sentiment. If you should be offended at the liberty I am now using, and should feel the force of Shakspeare's observation, "that our virtues, sometimes, serve us but as enemies," you must attribute it to those excellencies which are become objects of love and respect among all who have the honour of knowing you. Had you not been peculiarly distinguished by the most endearing and the most amiable qualities, you would have escaped the intrusion of this address.

A

I am.

I am sorry, Madam, that the production I now presume to lay before you, is not more worthy of your acceptance. I have called it a Poem, though I am conscious that it is destitute of many requisites to entitle it to that appellation; and if Fiction be essentially necessary to give grace to poetical composition, I have neglected that essential requisite; for, as the lines were written on a real occasion, I have not, even in the parts which would have admitted it, indulged myself in the elegancies of fiction: I trust, therefore, that they will not be condemned for the want of that which I did not mean to introduce; but that they will be read with a reference to the design, which is merely, in this mode, to take a last farewell of the metropolis; and in the execution of which, it was impossible to avoid noticing several of those characters and persons who are daily rendering themselves the objects of general esteem or censure in the exercise of their different qualities; and if, in some instances, I have widely differed from the public opinion, I can only say, that, regardless of the means by which public opinion is usually biaſſed, I speak as I feel, and as my own judgment directs me.

With respect to that part of the work which relates to the Theatres, I have only to observe, that if I can-

not

not boast of my judgment, I think I may of my impartiality; for I am not acquainted with any person belonging to either Theatre, except one performer.

Some imitations occur, and more, perhaps, than I am aware of; I thought it needless to distinguish, by the interruption of notes, what will readily be detected by every reader of poetry.

I am little solicitous about the fate of this trifle, as a literary composition. The good opinion of a reader, frequently depends on the temper in which he happens to read. I have, however, one satisfaction which outweighs all other considerations: that of testifying my regard for delicacy of taste, and elegance of sentiment, sweetness of disposition, and benevolence of heart, by inscribing this Poem to Mrs. CRESPIGNY. I am, with the utmost respect,

MADAM,

Your most obedient,

humble Servant,

* * * * *

LONDON,
March 15th. 1787.

...of my judgment, I think I may say that

...for I am not acquainted with any person

...to either I have never seen one

...and more, perhaps, than I

...I think it is a good thing to be

...by

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...as

...a

...happens

...which out-

...my

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...by

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THE

FINAL FAREWELL.

HAPPY the youth, who lured by Pleasure's train,
Soon finds her flowery wreath a galling chain !
Early convinced that life is little more
Than a short station on a sea-beat shore,
Soon quits the scene of proud contentious strife,
And seeks for comfort in the shades of life :
Happy the youth, whom thus the fates decree
Soon to return, sweet Solitude, to thee !
Him shall the muses love, to Wisdom wed,
And Peace shall wave her olive o'er his head.

~~Is then Felicity no more than this?~~

~~And is Obscurity the fire of Bliss?~~

Has calm Content, whose still small voice is drown'd

In prayers of Avarice and Folly's sound,

Has calm Content fix'd her abode with thee,

Child of the mountains, sweet Simplicity?

O, let me haste, and quit the Town's dull glare,

The noisome lane, throng'd street, and pompous square;

To thy lone vallies, Cambria, let me move,

Or once more wander on the banks of Dove:

The banks of Dove have heard my amorous lays,

When Mary's charms first taught me how to praise;

Or give me to repose again in groves,

Where silver-winding Trent delighted roves;

Where in the early morn of life I play'd,

Pleas'd with a shadow, sporting in the shade.

O lead, sweet muse!—I have no friend but you!

No friend so faithful, and no love so true!—

Lead me, sweet muse, as did the holy star

The eastern sages, quickly lead me far

From pomp's magnificence and pride's parade;

To the blest scenes of the sequester'd shade.

But

But ere I haste me to the humble cell,
'Tis meet I bid this goodly Town farewell!
A long farewell to all its splendid shows!
A long farewell to all its belles and beaux!
To hollow friends—their names I need not tell—
And to more generous foes, a long farewell!

Not like MISANTHROPOS I quit the Town,
Hating mankind, and loving self alone:
Good heaven knows, and all my friends can tell,
I love society, perhaps too well;
I love society;—but it must be
From affectation and from folly free:
Men that will speak the language of the heart,
Nor wound decorum with licentious dart;
Women with sense enough and charms to please,
Whose native pride is lost in native ease.
Sweet such society!—and doubly blest'd are those
Who from the weedy world can pluck so rich a rose!

But I, alas, have search'd and search'd around,
Till Patience has receiv'd her dying wound;
Nothing

Nothing like friendship in the world I trace,
Though plagued with "greetings in the market-place."
'Tis true, acquaintance, each for his own end,
Squeezes my hand, and writes, "Your faithful friend."
But then this friendship if I would acquire,
On worthless altars Feeling must expire!—
JASPER, indeed, would be my friend for life,
But that my conduct does not please his wife!
And so would JULIAN, if I would but try
To level mountains, or to scale the sky.
REUBEN would love me, could I haply find
He HAYLEY's skill with HAYLEY's sweetness join'd!
Free should I live from want and care and strife,
If wretched RANDOLPH might direct my life;
And all the pleasures of the world were mine,
Could I but think old WINIFRED divine!

What stops me in Preferment's proud career?—
Nothing, but holding native freedom dear.
Scorning the means by which the scornful rise,
In vain Temptation gilds her specious prize,
And golden Opportunity in vain
Exhibits all the blandishments of gain.

What

THE FINAL FAREWELL.

5

What can I do?—my tongue was never taught
To utter language foreign to my thought:
I, a mere dunce in Flattery's polish'd school,
Hardly forbear to call a fool, a fool.
When things are talk'd of, which do not appear,
I have nor eyes to see, nor ears to hear!
When things are sworn to, which I can't conceive,
Is it not monstrous that I won't believe?

Since then, I cannot settled rules obey,
Where art and artifice bear sovereign sway;
O let me fly from follies such as these,
Murd'ers of blifs, and antidotes to ease!
All that the busy, and the vain adore
Shall waste my time, and charm my heart no more.

No more of politics!—though party rave,
And mad'ning discontent her ensign wave;
Though the fond many flock in crouded shoals
To hear a magpye chattering to owls:
A party-colour'd slave, whose actions prove
His patriotism lives but in self-love;

C

'Gainst

'Gainst placemen rails, calls pensions shameful things,
And less than nothing deems the power of kings;
Has needy tools of party at command,
Who spread false rumours through the jealous land,
Declaim aloud for democratic sway,
And learn the govern'd how to disobey.
No more of politics! though magpyes prate,
And owls and buzzards vilify the state!

No more of politics!—though BURKE should strive
To make us fancy Cicero alive:
Pythag'ras hearing him, perhaps, might say,
The Roman soul gave life to Irish clay.
The same splenetic tale told o'er and o'er
Makes old men cough, while young men cry "a bore!"
Thou can't not make white black, nor yet black white;
And though we listen a whole winter's night
To the smooth rhetoric of thy polish'd tongue,
We're still convinced that what is wrong—is wrong.
Pleas'd with thy language we could sit whole days
To hear such music in prosaic lays;

E'en

E'en women read thy speeches with delight,
 In WOODFALL'S morning paper, brought at night;
 And, but the rigid order* still prevails,
 Would sit attentive to thy *Indian Tales!*

No more of politics!—though wit should flow
 In useless simile and petty show;
 Though SHERIDAN, who seldom aims at more,
 Should set the gaping senate in a roar,
 And by his comic eloquence make clear
 Where'er HE is, the "School for Scandal's" there,
 Thou "modern Congreve!" quit the senate's jar,
 Nor waste stage wit in whiggish wordy war.
 See, from the sacred hill, the muse descend!—
 Why shun the muse, thy best and earliest friend?
 Oblations bring to her neglected shrine,
 And never-fading laurels shall be thine!

No more of politics!—though PITT should shew
 How calmly Truth can conquer every foe;

What

* The Order excluding ladies from the gallery of the House of Commons.

What mighty magic in a good name lies,
And his least praise to be reputed wise ;
How youth, well spent, the steepest heights may climb,
And join the sense of NORTH with BURKE's sublime.
A mind unhackney'd in the tricks of state,
And aiming to be good as well as great.
Such once was CHATHAM !—whose prophetic eye
Beheld a future statesman in his boy.
T' extend her conquests, and to see unfurl'd
Britannia's colours in the western world ;
To see, triumphant, England's navy ride,
Was Chatham's happy lot, and Chatham's noble pride !
But Chatham's son more arduous cares employ,
'Tis his to save what Faction would destroy ;
'Tis his—the hardest task impos'd by fate !—
To save the glory of a sinking state.
So when autumnal fruits and summer flowers
Submit to Boreas and the wintry powers,
Nature seems dead : Time moves with frozen wing,
'Till circling hours bring on the youthful spring.

No

No more of politics!—but let me quit
The sophistry of CHARLES, and COURTENAY'S wit;
The Bible eloquence of holy HILL,
And quoting JOHNNY, with his “book-learn'd skill.”
Whatever wonder, or contempt excites,
The “human properties” of new-made knights,
Speeches to clear, or speeches to oppose,
No more shall interrupt my calm repose.
The milky words of all the courtier Peers
No more shall find a passage to my ears:
Not subtle SHELBURNE'S eloquence shall move,
Nor well-skill'd MANSFIELD, whom the graces love!
Nor courtly LOUGHB'ROUGH, elegantly great,
Nor nervous STORMONT, strength'ning the debate;
Nor yet new NORFOLK, though he should engage
To charm a syren from the sportive stage;
Nor HAWKESBURY, by scribbling wits abhor'd,
For meriting the title of a lord;
Nor smooth-tongued RICHMOND, he who strove with sneers
To combat THURLOW in the House of Peers;
Nor THURLOW'S self, who dignifies the helm,
Th' Ulysses of the law, th' Achilles of the realm!

D

'Tis

'Tis meet I bow, and bid adieu to those
 Whom Taylors use as show-shops for their cloaths;
 Foster'd by Fashion as her weather-cocks,
 And prized by Barbers, as commodious blocks;
 Minions of mode!—and scholars of the school
 Where nought is done but what is done by rule;
 Pupils of * him, whose science is grimace,
 To cramp the heart, and modify the face.
 Ye scented butterflies, with fickle wings!
 Ye buzzing insects, with your harmless stings!
 Ye wreaths of fashion, spun in Folly's looms,
 The moving furniture of drawing-rooms!
 O, long and splendidly may you command
 The realms of fashion and of "fangle-land!"
 Long be your reign!—and strong be your defence
 Against that rude hobgoblin, Common-sense!
 Shrink not from him, nor from his boasted might,
 Knowledge with Reason arming for the fight;
 Busy Experience, bringing to the field
 Grey-bearded talkers, that must quickly yield;

* Chesterfield.

Slow-paced Reflection, prying all around,
 While prating Argument describes the ground.
 But vain are these, and vain their weak alarms;
 'Gainst them you bring a mighty host in arms
 The giant Affectation leads the van,
 His shield a mask, and his broad sword a fan;
 Then pompous Ignorance takes the field in haste;
 Fancy misled, and vitiated Taste;
 Mock-complaisance, whose discipline's his pride,
 Formally stalks, with Error by his side;
 While, led by Vanity, see millions run,
 Lured by her colours, waving in the sun!

'Twere madness to oppose such pow'rs combined,
 And you shall reign supreme o'er half mankind:
 You shall dress out the Fashion of the day,
 And teach her what to do, and what to say
 O'er arts and letters and the mimic stage
 You shall preside, and regulate "the rage."
 Nay more, your pow'r shall Nature's laws controul,
 Truth shall be false, a part exceed the whole;

Deformity

Deformity usurp bright Beauty's place,
 And Judgment shall be banish'd in disgrace.
 Planting your slaves in gallery, box and pit,
 By your command shall COWLEY be a wit,
 The Town shall say, if you but make the rule,
 JEPHSON can't write, and CUMBERLAND's a fool;
 O'KEEFE's no humour, MURPHY has no skill,
 INCHBALD's no wit, and COLMAN can write ill!
 COBB's no pleasantry, PILON's jokes repel,
 PHILLIPS can't read, and LACEY cannot spell!
 Of ladies too, with equal judgment speak,
 And make a countess lovely—for a week.
 Give you the word: and FAIRFORD has no taste;
 GRANT shall be tall, and FOLEY shall be chaste;
 Masculine DEVON,—on whose freakish airs
 News-paper wits have lived these seven years,—
 Masculine DEVON, with a decent face,
 Your word shall mould into a perfect grace!
 To elegance shall WARWICK have no claim,
 Nor Venus captivate in FRANKLAND's name;
 Friendship no more her BEAUFORT's bosom find;
 Nor all the virtues grace the royal mind.

O, ever

O, ever thus guide you the giddy throng,
And teach them how to be politely wrong!
So shall the guardian genii of Taste
In all disasters to your comfort haste;
Give you to see th'impending storm's approach,
And when to call, and when to keep a coach;
Drive the keen roughness from the evening air,
That no rude blast attack your well-dress'd hair;
In sleep watch o'er you, when your fancy roves,
Left in your dreams you draw your chicken gloves;
'Mongst all mankind still mark you for their own,
The gay automatons of brilliant *ton*!

No more, PANTHEON! shall my eyes review
Thy midnight revels, and thy motley crew.
Time was, a seeming pilgrim did I come,
A lovely Temple seem'd thy lofty dome!
A lovely Temple, which did then enshrine
That vestal virgin, who must ne'er be mine!
Let me forget those hours of heavenly bliss,
When "palm to palm was holy palmer's kiss!"
When, cruel friends apart, she heard my sighs,
And beam'd mild comfort from her radiant eyes.

No more, a seeming pilgrim in thy throng, O
 Shall amorous accents dwell upon my tongue;
 No more thy lofty dome shall look divine;
 For it no more must hold a faint of mine.
 No more I'll listen with attentive ear,
 To the pert coxcomb, or the doting peer;
 The courtly puppy, or the puppy cit,
 Exhibiting a lordly lack of wit.
 No more I'll follow up and down the room
 The country squire, gazing at the dome,
 On high beholding colour'd lights appear,
 And wondering how the devil they got there!
 Sees unmask'd ladies, mask'd again with paint,
 Takes MERLIN for old Nick, and GROSVENOR for a saint;
 Mistakes gay SALISBURY for a courtesan,
 And BARRINGTON's a "mighty civil man!"
 On well-dress'd beauties, who reject disguise,
 Looks with admiring, but suspicious eyes;
 Has heard how stars may glitter in this sphere,
 But knows terrestrial comets may be there;
 His honest heart and homely wit no more
 Shall tempt me to behold, what oft I've seen before:

In vain the dome shall mock the heaven's light ;
In vain shall Circe all her powers unite ;
In vain shall youthful Splendour lead the dance ;
In vain shall Beauty dart the amorous glance ;
In vain shall witches try their midnight spells ;
In vain shall Folly shake his cap and bells ;
In vain shall Novelty contrive to please ;
In vain a CHUDLEIGH walk in a chemise ;
In vain shall WELTJIE former cooks surpass ;
In vain shall Burgundy enrich the glass ;
Inventive Luxury extend her reign,
And Pleasure wave her golden wand, in vain !

Welcomed by hautboys, fiddles, flutes and drums,
Posting from Italy, GALLINI comes !
He comes, the cheapest bargains having made,
For who so nice a judge in his nice trade ?
Cou'd ever manager like him engage ?
He brings—"the first performers of the age !"—
And though he proved unlucky at Versailles,
His grand negociation seldom fails ;
And, though forbidden,—ladies do not droop !—
'Tis thought VESTRIS will join GALLINI's troop.

Join

Join whom you will!—adieu the “opera rage!”
No more I gaze on that fantastic stage.
Let RUBINELLI, and let MARA sing,
Let CRAMER fiddle, and let VESTRIS spring,
And twirl and twist him round, and round, and round,
’Till all the music in applause is drown’d:
Yet RUBINELLI shall not charm mine ear,
Though he should charm Euterpe from her sphere!
Freely I fly from MARA’s skilful art,
Pleasing the ear, but touching not the heart:
Vain, very vain the powers of music prove,
If no heart thrill with rapture, fear, or love;
Vain, very vain the skill, however chaste,
If void of feeling, and if void of taste.
When MARA sings, no grand effect I own,
Save to lament that ALLEGRANTI’s gone!
Freely I fly, though CRAMER lead the band;
Or, even on his head though VESTRIS stand;
Though, by strange chance, an opera should be found
Boasting of any excellence but found;
A box, though gratis, would GALLINI give,
—“But, my dear Sir!—we managers must live!”

What

What magic power should tempt me to appear?—
To see *AUGUSTA bring the graces there!

With more regret I quit the British stage,
Fit school for youth, and haunt of cheerful age;
But, as in other mighty states, so here,
Cobblers and kings forget their proper sphere;
Here Usurpation snatches at a crown,
While patriot Dulness stuns the patient Town;
Vicegerent Prejudice, whose word is fate,
Gives grave Absurdity a post of state:
Directed by authorities like these,
See FORD and HARRIS issue their decrees
And think not, borne on Scandal's eagle wings,
I boldly libel the dramatic kings;
Rather confess, you never yet have known
Impartial Judgment seated on the throne;
Rather confess, if you would Truth obey,
You seldom see two actors in a play:
Their "casting's" carried to so strange a length,
That they mistake their weakness for their strength:

F

For

* The second Princess.

For proof immediate,—go to Drury-lane,

“I’ll call thee Hamlet, father!—Royal Dane!”

Whom shall he call?—can BENSLEY play a ghost?

O yes,—his eye is fix’d as in a frost!

But then he bellows!—every boy can tell,

Except in “Mosca,” BENSLEY ne’er plays well.

Why is the King by PACKER murder’d so?—

Because he play’d it fifteen years ago!

Excellent rule!—what can’t prescription do?—

Under that law, the Queen is murder’d too!

Is it not shameful that our noblest scenes

Should thus be mangled by vile kings and queens?

Is it not shameful, in a play like this,

That but one actor ought to ‘scape the hiss?

Yet so they manage!—Take which house you will,

Disgust offends you when you read the bill!

There names and characters so oddly mix,

Like dwarfs saluting dames of five feet six,

That Chance seems manager, and throws the dice

For regulating all things—but the price.

Yet read the papers!—*There* these actors shine,

And speak with force and energy divine!

For

For our stage critics can do wond'rous things,
 "Kings they make gods, and meaner creatures kings!"
 Bestow nice judgment on the "strutting elves,"
 Just to convince us they have none themselves.
 'Tis true, by "favours" they may be misled,
 And daily critics must have daily bread;
 Like learned counsel they for actors plead,
 And they, like learned counsel, must be fee'd;
 Their potent voice is sometimes cheaply sold,
 Or strangely alter'd by more potent gold!
 Ye sapient critics! who with "muckle speed,"
 Like flocks of wild-geese, cross the frozen Tweed,
 And ye, still wilder! who from Dublin throng;
 Ye self-elected kings of right and wrong!
 'Tis your's the cant of critics to dispense,
 Half French; half English! any thing—but sense;
 Still to disseminate in foppish phrase,
 Your ill-timed censure, and your ill-judg'd praise!

I smile to see the purblind lounge stand,
 A tiny telescope adorns his hand:
 Now debonair, and now with looks profound,
 He views the stage, and casts his eyes around;

Tells

Tells city misses, who excels the most,
 For he has read the HARALD, and the POST!
 His glass—turn'd either way—makes things appear,
 Not as they are, but as he reads them there;
 His telescopic eye, though strange it seem,
 Shews things for facts, that critics do but dream:
 Your grave philosophers of HERSCHEL's class,
 Have seen strange wonders through a spying-glass!

Two country knights, who in their latter days,
 Would pore o'er NEWTON, and at planets gaze,
 Joining at length, to give themselves a treat,
 Bought a large Telescope!—with lens complete,
 ADAMS, "per waggon," sends the rare machine:
 'Tis soon erected on Sir Philip's green;
 See, Luna rise!—Sir Philip is polite,
 And gives the preference to his brother knight:
 Sir Andrew looks:—"Aye, aye, 'tis very clear;—
 "What seas and mountains, rocks and pits are here!
 "Yes, 'tis inhabited!—methinks I spy
 "Huge creatures traversing across my eye!
 "Look, good Sir Philip!"—Good Sir Philip looks,
 But sees nor hills, nor rocks, nor seas, nor brooks:

"Why,

“Why, all is dark!”—and, lo! before the glass
The star-struck knights had left the sliding-brass!

Strange power of Prejudice! that plainly sees
On Scotia's barren hills the waving trees;
Bestows on man what heaven itself denies,
And in a blockhead sees a genius rise.
But most this spirit domineers o'er taste,
And shews, as sparkling brilliants, paltry paste.
In dress, in fashion, we behold it rage,
And see it keep possession of the stage.

'Tis this delusive spirit prompts the tongue
To sing of ABINGTON—so fair and young!
'Tis this discovers all those charms that please,
That taste judicious, and that high-bred ease,
That something,—not to be described,—which shews
How “comic queens” at fifty, wear their cloaths!
This spirit in an ABINGTON can trace
All HARTLEY's beauty, and all PRITCHARD's grace;
In her, sees OLDFIELD's elegance revive,
With half the humour of the mad-cap CLIVE:

G

Whilst

Whilst I, alas, who judge from what I see,
 With public notion strangely disagree !
 That taste so exquisite, that high-bred ease,
 Those comic pow'rs, which never fail to please,
 Those charms so graced with all that is polite,
 I ne'er discover on the "crouded night."
 No Paris doll, indeed, was e'er so fine,
 But half the merit, Milliner ! is thine ;
 No head with curls so elegantly graced,
 But has not RICHARDS more than common taste ?
 Through DOVER'S telescope I look in vain,
 It simply shews a woman in the wane ;
 And then, to "various powers" how odd the claim
 Of one, who is—perpetually the same !
 But in the papers, o'er my morning tea,
 What charms, what taste, what elegance I see !—
 Surpriz'd, I learn from this exalted praise,
 That Abington can write, much better than she plays !

'Tis this delusive spirit makes us bear
 SMITH in the buskin, year succeeding year.
 No happy cadence wakes the tender sigh,
 Subdues the bosom, or bedims the eye ;

The

The same unvaried tone ne'er fails to pall,
And unconcern'd we see the curtain fall.

Taught by this fiend, when KEMBLE first appear'd,
The actors trembled, and the critics sneer'd;
For rising merit here has pow'ful foes,
These urged by envy, by ambition those.
In Hamlet he display'd enlighten'd taste.
In every scene was elegantly chaste;
Led on by judgment and by happy care,
The prince was ne'er forgotten in the player.
Alarm'd, the critics could not but admire:
But then they fancied that he wanted fire!
In dauntless Richard he redeems his name,
And joins the critic's to the player's fame;
In Posthumous and Macbeth too we find
The lucid efforts of a vigorous mind.
His foes, to scorn, unbias'd judgment dooms,
Their censures die, while KEMBLE's genius blooms.

Aspiring HOLMAN's academic fame,
With early laurels graced his youthful name;

But

But Panegyric, with her trumpet tongue,
Instead of weak'ning, made his foibles strong:

"For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays,

"Not more by envy, than excess of praise."

When I behold him arm'd with Macbeth's shield,

Or grasp the tyrant's sword, in Bosworth-field;

In gentle Hamlet weep, in Romeo rave,

"Taking the measure of an unmade grave:"

I pity SHAKSPEARE, nor his scenes enjoy,

Condemn the actor,—but applaud the boy.

POPE's "happy voice and pleasing powers" may shine,

When judgment shall those pleasing powers combine:

We see him now, with FARREN, sink and rise,

Like the moon labouring through the cloudy skies.

Scanty the tragic merit on the stage:—

Where are the rising GARRICKS of the age?

Who boasts of BARRY's sweetness, POWELL's fire?

Or shall to fame with HENDERSON aspire?

Join both the Houses, and then tell me where

Shine lofty Wolsey, and the frantic Lear,

The

THE FINAL FAREWELL.

25

The gallant Antony, and Brutus bold,
 Timon the good, and Lufignan the old?—
 Preserv'd by providence from chill despair,
 You'll find them strolling to some country fair!
 But still the tragic muse aspires to fame,
 And dwells with rapture on her SIDDONS' name.
 Her plaintive voice when listening Folly hears,
 Insensibility expires in tears;
 With powers resistless, in each arduous part,
 She melts, she rends, she petrifies the heart!
 Through every breast the rapid passion flies,
 Malice is mute, and even Envy dies!
 With judgment polish'd, and with taste refin'd,
 In POPE the rival muses seem combin'd:
 So one choice stem a double beauty bears,
 A smiling blossom, and a bud in tears.
 Well pleas'd I see, the tragic power to spread,
 A younger heroine by genius led;—
 If future bards record not BRUNTON's name,
 Time shall inscribe it on the roll of fame.

Adieu to those that with melodious strain,
 Have skill to waken joy, or soften pain:

H

Thee,

Thee, KENNEDY ! above the tricks of art,
 And with true pathos, melting every heart ;
 The warbling WILKINSON, and sprightly BROWN,
 And MARTYR, captivating half the Town ;
 And BILLINGTON, whose execution charms,
 Delights with wonder, and with rapture warms ;
 And CROUCH, endued with every gentle grace,
 A voice celestial, and an angel face :
 Sweet harmonist ! whose silver tones impart
 The soothing melody that charms the heart ;
 No more shall I, with the admiring throng,
 Enraptur'd listen to thy magic song ;
 Nor shall I, but by Fancy's powerful aid,
 Behold thee as the gentle *Adelaide,
 Or as Ophelia claim the tender tear,
 While, unadorn'd, thy voice shall sooth the ear ;
 But the prophetic muse with joy reveals
 What merit, ever diffident, conceals :

Delighted

* The writer has just time enough, before the printing of this passage, to acknowledge the great pleasure he has received in seeing Mrs. CROUCH's first attempt in Tragedy ; and to congratulate the public on so charming an acquisition in that line of playing. Too much encouragement cannot be given to the only performer who delights us equally in Adelaide and Miss Alton ; in the sacred music of Handel, and the light airs of Daphne ; and whose chief fault originates in an extreme, but amiable diffidence.

Delighted, sees thee join the tragic train,
And in soft numbers pensively complain.
Thine is the skill, and thine the happy art,
With sacred sounds to elevate the heart:
When **HANDEL**'s harmony divinely flows,
With holy rapture every bosom glows;
Aided by thee, we feel th' angelic strain,
And find, well pleas'd, a new **CECILIA** reign.

No more, **THALIA**! shall thy sportive band
Excite my pity, or my smile command:
Farewell to favourite **PALMER**, useful **DODD**,
In Belch and Ague-cheek supremely odd!
To **MACKLIN**, Nestor of the spouting crew,
The "Scotchman's friend," and the unrival'd Jew!
To **EDWIN**'s irresistible grimace;
To matchless **PARSONS**, with his comic face:
Men that 'gainst Chesterfield do highly sin,
By making ladies laugh, and coxcombs grin!
To **QUICK** the humorous, and to **KING** the chaste,
To **SMITH** and **LEWIS**, "Gentlemen"—sans taste!
To far-famed **FARREN**, chief of comic belles,
To romping **JORDAN**, and to rustic **WELLS**;

Farewell

Farewell to all whom playful minds adore,
 That strut their hour, and then are seen no more!
 A long farewell to those tremendous players
 So much "at home" in lions, wolves, and bears!
 Parts that—in time—great BARRYMORE may claim,
 Or which may add to lofty FAWCETT's fame;
 WILLIAMS and PHILLIMORE, in goats and swine,
 Could not but prove themselves immensely fine!
 "Nay, do not think I flatter!"—for 'tis plain
 These four, as brutes, unrival'd would remain:
 For who is quick enough of sight to ken
 That they resemble "christians, pagans, men,
 In gait or accent?"—Then 'tis fit they reign
 The mighty quadrupeds of Drury-lane!

Ye nymphs of PAPHOS! who each evening tend
 In the green-boxes, for some casual friend;
 Or, haply coupled with cockaded swains,
 Sweep, kindly sweep, the lobby with your trains,
 What time th' apprentice from his counter flies,
 And, out of breath, comes running to half-price:
 Each nymph adieu!—wherever you reside,
 And whether WINDSOR's or old JOHNSON's pride;
 Whether

Whether you sport it in a coach and four,
While your cheek blooms, and limping lords adore;
Whether, ambitious of your dwelling place,
You live in Piccadilly, near his Grace;
Whether, enamour'd of the Hampstead air,
You shine the heroine of Portman-square;
Or, envious of, chuse to dwell
The second demirep in gay Pall-mall;
Whether, confined a single friend to meet,
You wisely hide yourself in Stephen-street,
Or, more ambitious of enlarg'd renown,
With other ladies HARRIS puts you down;
Whether, enroll'd with many a cast-off belle,
Nocturnally you visit an hotel;
Whether, content to take what chance may spare,
Your face exposing to the midnight air,
In bow-pot windows you alluring stand,
Or join the promenade along the Strand;
Whether forsaken, or flush'd Folly swarms
To the perpetual auction of your charms;
Whether kind Nature taught those charms to glow,
Or you procure them all from MOSENEAU,
I

The

The male Medea of each waining face,
 Who sells the bloom of Hebe to her Grace;
 Whether in *ton*, a splendid belle you shine,
 Or walk the Town, "unfashionably fine;"
 Whether Saint James's, or Saint Giles you grace,
 Starve in the streets, or revel in King's-place,
 Glitter at court, or perish in a cell,—
 Each wandering meteor of the night, farewell!

Ye virtuous too, or seeming virtuous train,
 Who sigh for lovers, but who sigh in vain;
 Whose charms might captivate the willing soul,
 And emulate the magic of the pole:
 Such the attractive power of your eyes,
 But, soon repell'd, the half-gain'd lover flies:
 When all the graces all their spells combine,
 When modest blushes make the face divine,
 And lovely woman thus begins to reign
 Th' angelic empress of each fighting swain;
 What from his breast her image shall divide?—
 Why, affectation, prudery, or pride!
 These, never-failing friends to captive swains,
 Disarm their tyrants, and destroy their chains:

Ye

Ye charming ideots ! and ye virtuous few,
Whom folly keeps from happiness—adieu !

Adieu to those—in those, it is too true,
I bid nine-tenths of all the sex adieu,—
Adieu to those of the attractive fair,
Whom avarice teaches to prefer the prayer;
Whose harden'd hearts ne'er beat with love or joy,
But blunt the arrows of the Paphian boy ;
Whom modest merit supplicates in vain,
Whose fame is prudence, and whose god is gain.
Haste, man the ship ! to India let them sail !
Interest the card, and sordid fighs the gale.
O'er seas of riches see the vessel go,
Pride at the helm, and Plutus at the prow !
Go, foolish fair ! go venture fame and life,
Go, and be call'd some knavish nabob's wife ;
Command thy vassals ; view thy splendid store ;
What now is wanting ?—only ten times more !
Add ten times more, and ten times that be thine,
Content and riches thou shalt never join.
The female heart that throbs with lust of gold,
Shall faster throb the more her eyes behold.

Strange !

Strange ! that in lovely bosoms there should rage
The most detested vice of grasping age :
So vernal blossoms all their sweets impart,
But hide the hateful canker at the heart.
Shield me, O shield me from the female mind
That, warp'd by wealth, no chains but gold can bind !
Though form'd by Beauty with angelic mein,
" She looks a goddess, and she moves a queen,"
Her charms united never can supply
The tender bosom, and the pitying eye !
More lovely far the plainest face appears,
Graced with the elegance of Virtue's tears ;
And far beyond all wealth, the heart that glows
With the sweet sympathy of human woes !

Ye sage REVIEWERS !—ye, whose monthly toil
Spreads twilight knowledge over all the isle ;
Who, Luna-like, your borrow'd beams bestow
On those that seldom to the fountain go :
Ye sage REVIEWERS !—who with skill condense
In narrow limits every author's sense,
Who bring all Europe's learning in a page,
And all the wit of all this witty age ;

Who

Who bind huge quartos in a little cell,
Like Homer's Iliad in a walnut-shell;
Who strip the goose-quill hero of renown,
By puffing purchas'd from a tasteless Town:
Ye, who as literary monarchs sit,
Waving your sceptres o'er the realms of wit,
Who shew each obvious and each latent fault,
Each venial error, and each brilliant thought;
Forbear! forbear! nor your dread wrath dispense
On this my first, and this my last offence!
Surely, 'tis no such mighty heinous crime
To take one's last farewell in harmless rhyme!
Though often prompted by the love I bear
Some names of worth, and one accomplish'd fair,
Yet, unambitious of a wit's renown,
I ne'er disturb'd the ever-patient Town;
Me can no printed pamphlet e'er accuse
Of holding daring commerce with the muse;
To charm the mind with verse I never strove,
Save when my half-strung lyre was waked by love,
Imperial love, that bids the bosom glow
With tender sighs, will prompt the verse to flow.
I call'd not, to adorn a classic song,
Unheard-of sorrow, and fictitious wrong;

Nor have I, twisting Hudibrastic wire
With the bold strings of PINDAR's sounding lyre,
Like PETER, whom a random muse attends,
With mirth convuls'd my laughter-loving friends,
Nor is this all: I never did expose
The ramblings of my mind in humble prose;
No tempting LETTER-BOX by me was fed
With libels on the living or the dead:
Diurnal prints I wisely let alone,
O'erwhelm'd with vapid nonsense of their own;
Nor did I ever paint lascivious scenes,
Or lying *Tete à Tete* for magazines;
To please the vicious, or amuse the vain,
No luscious novel issued from my brain:
Scorning that strongest band of Virtue's foes,
I ne'er destroy'd her innocent repose,
Thus having pass'd my inoffensive days,
Deaf to the lure of literary praise;
If now I trespass, mitigate the crime,
By still remembering—'tis the ONLY time;
Nor let me find myself for this ADIEU,
Hung, drawn, and quarter'd in the next REVIEW!
Yet what avails it?—I were much to blame
Idly to dream of wild poetic fame;

The

The happy hermit, in his cell retired,
Forgets the world, nor seeks to be admired ;
Yet, favour'd by the muse, his pensive strain
Shall sometimes sooth the melancholy plain :
His harp with harmony the vallies fill,
And simple shepherds bless his tuneful skill.
Hence, let me haste ! and led by powers divine,
Find the calm transports of his bosom mine !

When, Pilgrim-like, yon neighbouring hill I climb,
And, fondly wafting fleet Aurora's prime,
I turn, and take a retrospective view,
Beholding all, and bidding all adieu ;
Will not my heart recal each past delight,
And melancholy tinge the parting sight ?
When the past scenes in fancied colours rise,
Shall I not breathe my last adieu in sighs ?
Yes ! my fond heart shall paint each past delight,
And melancholy tinge the parting sight ;
Past scenes of bliss in fancied colours rise,
And I will breathe my last adieu in sighs !

When my eye wanders o'er this seat of fame,
At once the pride of England, and its shame,

Of

Of all the opposites of life combin'd ;
What mix'd emotions fill my musing mind !
As Priam view'd, from lofty Ilion's towers,
His chiefs contending with the Grecian powers,
And saw his Hector thin their ranks in vain,
And wept to see the slaying and the slain :
Pondering I stand, and sigh to view below,
A spot of glory, and a world of woe !
And there, alas ! shall sad Experience find
The various evils that assail mankind :
Luxurious Splendour, and unfeeling Pride ;
Base Ignorance, to Cruelty allied ;
Hard-hearted Avarice ; fierce Envy's sting ;
And rapid Falshood ever on the wing ;
Mad Diffipation, with her giddy train,
And joyless Riot, feeding future pain ;
Mean Interest, disregarding every right ;
Cunning Defraud, avoiding heaven's light ;
Feign'd Courtesy, with supercilious art ;
Fell Malice, rankling at her ruthless heart ;
Fastidious Faction, with Deception's tongue,
All public pains, and every private wrong.

Compared

Compared with those which man to man extends,
Slight are the ills neglected heaven sends.
E'en now the demons of the human race
Exulting view Misfortune's pallid face ;
Fair Virtue feels Oppression's cruel chain,
And supplicating Sorrow sighs in vain.
By sickness seiz'd, and every comfort fled,
The toiling artisan implores for bread ;
Nor would he grieve a weight of woe to bear,
But that some lovely pledges claim his care ;
Dear, smiling little ones ! from whom to part
Doubles distress, and wrings his bleeding heart.
With ill-disssembled smiles his grief he bears,
But strives in vain to hide the pressing tears ;
Too soon the weary hours bring on the day,
When legal Rapine darts upon its prey ;
When cruel Vengeance drags away his bed,
And Sickness knows not where to lay its head :
His faithful wife, unused to rude alarms,
Aghast with fear, sinks lifeless in his arms ;
His helpless infants raise their wondering eyes,
And fill the wretched walls with piercing cries ;
Their little hearts beat fast with unknown fears,
Their dimpled cheeks are stain'd with trickling tears ;

O God! their sorrows to thy angels shew,
And send a CHEWTON to relieve their woe!

'Midst thousands who in poverty repine,
On whom the star of fortune scorns to shine,
Spirits of worth, that bear celestial fires,
Perhaps some CHATTERTON this night expires!
Ah, me! how sorely is that heart forlorn,
Conscious of worth, with bitter anguish torn!
Spurn'd by the world, th' unfeeling sons of gain
With insults mock, with taunts deride his pain;
Glad to evade the duty of a friend,
If youthful folly upon genius tend;
If, inattentive to each selfish rule,
He nobly scorns to dignify a fool;
Proudly rejects seducing gold for bays,
Nor strikes his lyre to notes of venal praise.
Beloved of muses! even while he sighs,
Seraphic visions swim before his eyes!
In midnight gloom, with every woe oppress'd,
A thousand tortures warring in his breast,
Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears,
The magic harmony of heavenly spheres;

He

He smiles, while tears run down his faded face,
For Grief mocks Joy in costliness of grace;
That transient smile, and that uplifted eye,
That sudden throb, and that heart-piercing sigh,
Proclaim that Death can pity human pain,
And break the heart that asks relief in vain!
When man forgets what 'tis to man he owes,
Laughs at his griefs, and triumphs o'er his woes,
Indignant spirits, spurning nature's ties,
War with themselves, and rush into the skies,
Like fearless comets which no laws can bind,
But, lo! they leave immortal trains behind!

Cease, cease to think!—nor longer let me gaze,
My heart must bleed if thus my fancy strays.
Then turn my steps where rural scenes invite,
And various nature ministers delight.
I seek not Cytherea's fancied bowers,
Where Zephyrs kiss the ever-blooming flowers;
Nor yet Arcadian dells and perfum'd groves,
Where youthful Fancy courts Idalian loves;
But near some ancient forest's woody side,
May I, with sweet Simplicity reside!

In

In a lone house, with ivy overspread,
Where, in old times, the pilgrim found a bed.
Before my bowery door let jessmine twine,
With dewy rose-buds and the eglantine ;
While in my little garden there appear
The useful products of the various year.
Beyond, let murmuring streams their courses keep
To the broad bosom of the general deep :
Ambitious streams, from distant mountains hurl'd,
That quit, like me, the madly-foaming world.
Far to the right, let flocks the hills adorn,
Sweet-scented clover, and the waving corn.
Far to the left, o'er meads and happy vales,
Let Flora wanton with the western gales :
Soft gales ! that waft with aromatic smells,
The dying murmurs of the village bells,
What time the modest moon peeps o'er the hills,
Her light beams trembling on the wandering rills ;
And when, as if they would the stars excel,
The glow-worms glitter in the cowslip dell.
Ah ! happy then to hear across the plain,
The rustic minstrel of the village train,
Who, on some favourite festival, invade
The haunt of fairies in the moon-light glade,

And

And lead the sportive dance, while love espies
 The half-consenting blush, and tell-tale eyes,
 And hears the whisper of th' enamour'd youth,
 The faltering whisper of his endless truth;
 Bless'd in their friends, and in each other bless'd,
 Love, free from guile, is here a welcome guest.
 The hasty traveller, who comes that way,
 Shall stop his steed, and view their harmless play:
 Wondering, shall own the poet's slighted theme
 Is more substantial than a summer's dream;
 And vainly wishing pleasures so serene,
 Turning his steed, shall sigh to quit the scene.
 Give me, O give me then, in shades like these,
 Time's golden sands to spend in letter'd ease!
 And as beneath the copse with woodbines crown'd,
 The sweet retiring violet is found:
 So in the neighbouring hamlet let me find
 Some humble virgin, with a heavenly mind;
 Whose praises sweeten every passing gale,
 The LINDAMIRA of the happy vale!
 The child of nature, by the muses graced
 With the bewitching charm of native taste;
 And, like the myrtle sacred to the nine,
 For ever elegant, but never fine;

And if, Aonian maids! you grant my prayer,
 That sacred myrtle shall adorn her hair;
 Give her with animated grace to sing,
 And touch with skill divine, the sorrow-soothing string!

Nor vain the wish: the female bosom glows
 With all the pow'rs that heav'n on man bestows:
 When SEWARD weeps o'er Friendship's hallow'd urn,
 Methinks I hear Tibullus sweetly mourn;
 Now with Virgilian grace she strikes the lyre,
 And robs Apollo of celestial fire;
 While lov'd Louisa's elevated lays
 Some bards shall imitate, and all shall praise.
 To charm the world with their celestial lore,
 The sacred muses tune the harp of MORE;
 Well-pleas'd they hear her wake its soothing tone,
 For hers was once the harp of Jesse's favourite son!
 Thee, happy BARBAULD! smiling heaven has graced
 With Attic genius, elegance and taste.
 For SMITH behold Italia's pensive muse
 Quits the green groves of ever-fam'd Vaucluse.
 By Fancy lured through wild romantic climes,
 With LEE we weep o'er tales of other times!

Like

THE FINAL FAREWELL. 43

Like Ariel's wand her magic pen we find,
And with resistless force she rules the mind.
For lovely WILLIAMS have the muses wove
A lasting garland from an Indian grove :
Hap'ly combining with the purple stems
A starry circlet of Peruvian gems ;
In her rapt bosom glows Shaksperian fire,
And with Avonian grace she sweeps the lyre !

If, with coy diffidence, the maid refuse
To court the inspiration of the muse :
If thou, rejecting all Parnassian fame,
Seek'st not with these to join thy humble name ;
Yet their immortal verse shall be enshrined
In the lov'd temple of thy virtuous mind ;
And greener still shall wave their deathless bays
In the soft beams of sympathetic praise.
Thy social converse shall each evening cheer,
When Winter's ruthless hand disrobes the year.
When the deep vale is fill'd with drifted snows,
And through the hawthorn rude the cold wind blows ;
When pitying shepherds pen their bleating flocks
Beneath the shelter of o'er-hanging rocks ;

When

When gentle Echo in her cave is drown'd,
 Nor with faint voice, returns the mimic sound;
 When from the mouldering ruin, owls complain,
 And Horror stalks across the dreary plain;
 When Fancy leads dim spectres through the mind,
 And forms wild shriekings in the hollow wind;
 Then, o'er the evening fire, the village friend
 Shall, well delighted, to thy song attend;
 While I, enraptur'd with the strain divine,
 Exulting boast that LINDAMIRA'S mine!

Ah! if in pity to my many woes,
 The heav'n's relenting, thus adorn repose;
 Peace once again shall be my constant guest;
 And long-forgotten Pleasure cheer my breast;
 The transient ills of life shall yield to love,
 And the white hours in sweet succession move,
 Till the world vanish from my fading eyes,
 And the glad spirit wings her native skies.

THE END.



